

The Daily New Mexican

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24.

Call for Republican Territorial Central Committee.

REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE of New Mexico, Santa Fe, Aug. 23, 1898. The Republican Central Committee is hereby called to meet at the office of the chairman in Santa Fe, N. M., at 10 o'clock a. m., on Thursday, the 25th day of September, 1898, for the purpose of fixing the time and place of holding the territorial convention to nominate a candidate for delegate in congress; fixing the number of delegates thereto and their apportionment among the several counties; and such other business as may come before the committee.

Germany may be proud of her record in the Philippine islands, but no other nation is envious of the record made by Emperor William's empire.

An aggressive campaign upon a sound and strong platform is the New Mexican's idea for the coming political fight on the Republican side.

Kansas banks have enormous deposits. The farmers in the Sunflower state have paid their mortgages and are prosperous. Kansas will go Republican this year of our Lord.

The efforts of the free silver papers in Denver and throughout Colorado to make people believe that free silver at 16 to 1, regardless of the actions of foreign nations, is a live issue, are truly funny.

New Mexico need not be ashamed of the record made by the volunteers sent by the territory to fight for the country in the war just closed. As far as these men are concerned: "Whatever record leaps to light, they never shall be ashamed."

Oliver M. Lee, charged with murder and now a fugitive, hiding somewhere in southern New Mexico, will find out in due time that the law is stronger than he is. This is but a question of time and not of a long time either.

Most encouraging reports from a Republican standpoint come from Dona Ana county and those best posted are of the opinion that the county is sure for a round, good, Republican majority of over 300 at the November election. Our Democratic friends may not believe this, but it will come to pass nevertheless.

The Republican central committee of the territory will meet in the capital on September 8 to fix a place and date for the holding of the next territorial convention of its party to nominate a candidate for delegate to the 36th congress. A full attendance of members of the committee and leading Republicans is earnestly desired, as some important questions may be brought up and discussed.

It is deplorable that the penitentiary management did not furnish sufficient convict labor for the rebuilding of the territorial capitol, so that the building might have been completed and ready for occupancy and use by the 33d legislative assembly, that meets this winter. The completion of the building is a most important matter and should have been pushed with all means in possession of the territory. It looks as if it would have been possible to spare more labor from the routine work in the penitentiary and use it on capitol building construction. But this was not done and it is rather late in the day now. It appears now as if the United States will have to provide temporary quarters for the coming session of New Mexico's legislative assembly.

The president would do the proper and right thing by the country were he to appoint U. S. Senator Stephen B. Elkins on the Spanish peace commission. The senator is peculiarly well fitted for the position. He is a born diplomat, speaks the Spanish language fluently and thoroughly understands the Spanish character and characteristics. He has held some of the greatest positions in the country, is a lawyer of ability and renown, and as a politician neither Sagasta nor Castillon nor any other Spanish statesman, diplomat politician could beat him. He would meet them in their own way and in their own field, give them points and beat them in the diplomatic game right along. He is a man of a very practical intellect and just the man for the position.

Missed the Mark.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Albuquerque Democrat, jumps with great virulence, vehemence, bitterness, hatred and venom upon Governor Otero and all because the governor's report on the conditions of New Mexico, issued for the year 1897, was a pamphlet that was in great demand and did New Mexico much

good. It picks up a paragraph from an official report made by the late Captain Nordstrom as Indian agent on the conditions of some Pueblo Indians, that appeared in the report, and charges the governor with all sorts of crimes and misdemeanors, because this paragraph was published in some of the volumes and taken out in others. The item, of itself, was simply Captain Nordstrom's personal opinion and is certainly not worthy of earnest consideration or attention by sensible men. Indeed our esteemed contemporary is very hard up for campaign ammunition when it stoops to publishing what it did. No doubt, it pleased itself and its owner, Mr. A. A. Grant and a few Democratic politicians, but as far as injuring any one, Governor Otero or the Republican party, it missed the mark, just about as far as Admirals Montejó and Cervera missed licking the American fleets.

Two Men of the Hour.

From time immemorial man has furnished the opportunity for men to rise to greatness and fame, to become national figures, and historical characters. In the history of the United States the names of the men who have occupied the highest place in the esteem of their countrymen have been those who have been prominent in fighting the nation's battles, and the war with Spain is no exception. Already, men who were known only in the immediate vicinity of their associates, are known to everyone by reputation, and in some cases have become prominent by reason of the incapacity shown, but that is to be expected for the reason that never yet has a square stick been made to fill a round hole.

The list of men who have gained renown through their conduct in the war just ended is large: Sampson, Schley, Dewey, Wainwright, Hobson and others in the navy; Wheeler, Merritt, Lawton, Roosevelt, and others in the army, but in the estimation of the people, Admiral Dewey and Colonel Roosevelt head the list. Admiral Dewey, by his magnificent victory in the bay of Manila on May 1, and by his subsequent management of affairs in the Philippines, has become the ideal officer in the navy. Hero worship may be dead in America, but the regard the people of the United States have for the admiral approaches very nearly to worship. Whether or not Admiral Dewey has political aspirations is not known, but should he have, there is nothing within the gift of the people that he cannot have for the asking.

Colonel Roosevelt, as the leader of the "Rough Riders" and his treatment and constant care of his men, has filled the public eye almost to the exclusion of all other men who saw service in Cuba. That the colonel has political aspirations every one knows, and while he has avoided all reference to the subject since returning from Santiago de Cuba, yet, as a possible candidate for governor of New York, his name is received with approval by the Republican party of that state, and many of the Democrats, prominent in the political circles of that state, have endorsed him for the office. There is but little doubt if he is a candidate that the nomination will come to him almost by acclamation, and his election is assured before the campaign begins.

Roosevelt is ambitious. Nothing succeeds like success, and should he be elected governor of New York at the coming election, in 1904, should he live and make no mistake, no other man in the country would receive as hearty an endorsement or as enthusiastic support for the presidency as Theodore Roosevelt.

A Grant County Candidate for Member of the House.

Dr. L. B. Robinson, of Pinos Altos, would be an able representative of Grant county's interests in the next legislative assembly. He is eminently well qualified for the position and would be a credit to his own county and to the territory as well.

Garrett Will Get There.

Oliver Lee's letter will not do him any good. His record is against him and his actions give the lie to his words. Pat Garrett will get him, if some one else does not. Desperadoes and bad men generally have small show when he is satisfied they should be taken in.

The Situation As It Is.

The Democrats will this fall certainly nominate H. B. Ferguson for reelection as delegate to congress. The Republican party never picks out its candidates in advance of the convention, but it has a number of good men, that we can think of, who can defeat Mr. Ferguson at the polls unless all signs fail.

Wants No Legislative Sessions.

How would it do for congress to omit the usual biennial appropriation for the benefit of the hungry gang at Santa Fe? Would anybody suffer, except professional collegeists and bribe takers? The failure of a legislature or two would be no great calamity to our people generally. In fact, it might be well to petition congress to give us a rest.

The Kind of a Legislature Wanted in New Mexico.

We sincerely hope that the people of New Mexico will send 36 men to the legislature this winter, each and every one possessed of a fair share of practical common sense, and be actuated by the single purpose of doing the best possible for the whole territory. If it were possible to get the 36 most able and energetic men in the territory to go to the legislature, they could not, in the allotted 60 days, do one-half of the work that is needed. We have had the laws of the territory compiled, and, as we predicted, this compilation simply emphasizes the necessity of a large sized pruning knife and a well equipped grafting outfit. There will be men in the legislature (we always have a few) who realize the necessity for clearing out the weedy spots in our laws; but with a "working majority" made up of the

classe which has been dominating legislatures in the past, he would be rockless who would undertake to make any radical changes. "If it were better to endure the ills we have than to fly to others we know not of."

G. A. Richardson Will Be Democratic Nominee from the 9th Council District.

So far as we have been able to learn, G. A. Richardson will have no opposition for the Democratic nomination for councilman from this district. As he is a Claves county man, this county will have no candidate for member of the house. It remains for Lincoln and Eddy counties to bring out the candidates they may desire to support for the place. The Democratic county stands ready to roll up their accustomed majority for the nominee, whoever the district may select.

But the Law Will Be Supreme.

Sheriff Pat Garrett, of Dona Ana county, New Mexico, and a large posse went out last Sunday night to look for Oliver Lee and James Gilliland, wanted in Las Cruces, says the El Paso Times of Wednesday. The posse returned yesterday after a fruitless search. Garrett has declared his intention of capturing Lee and Gilliland and has asserted his intention of not being taken, so that when the fugitive is finally surrounded a fight to the death may be looked for.

Ferguson's Election a Doubtful Proposition.

The Democratic central committee has decided to employ outside speakers for the campaign of Mr. Ferguson. Joe Bailey, of Texas, will give an exhibition of oratory in Deming on October 8, and if he makes a favorable impression he is to be granted the freedom of the territory, furnished with a few meal tickets and told to do his level best to revive the lost cause of Democracy in New Mexico. This is the first plain admission by the Democrats that Mr. Ferguson's election is by them considered a doubtful proposition.

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN.

Refreshing Rains Have Visited Most Sections of the Territory During the Past Week—Growing Crops Doing Well.

U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE, Climate and Crop Bulletin of the Weather Bureau, New Mexico Section. (Santa Fe, N. M., August 23, 1898.)

The weather for the week ending with Monday, August 22, continued generally favorable to growing crops, excepting in southern portions of the territory the rainfall has not been sufficient for the needs of vegetation, and there is some complaint of scarcity of water. Over other sections the scattered showers have been sufficient for growing crops, and reports indicate a very satisfactory condition. The temperature has been somewhat higher than usual for the season, which has had a beneficial effect on ripening fruits. It has been good weather for harvesting, and late wheat, oats, rye, etc., have been secured under most favorable conditions.

The third cutting of alfalfa is being secured in southern sections, but in the north much of the second crop still remains out.

The sugar beet crop is maturing most satisfactorily in the lower Pecos valley, although here and there may be a field not up to the mark. Gardens are maturing finely, and string beans, potatoes, peas, etc., are abundant in all local markets. Fine corn is ripening under favorable conditions, excepting in some central sections there is some loss from worms. Early grapes are in the home market as far north as Albuquerque. Tomatoes are not ripening evenly at Las Cruces. The melon crop is ripening in fast, and is very promising.

The following remarks are extracted from the reports of correspondents: Aztec—C. E. Mead—The weather during the past week has been very favorable to the growth of vegetation and crops of grain, fruit and garden products. A good shower on the 11th was very beneficial. Peaches, apples and berries are doing well and continue in abundance. Pears and grapes are not yet ripe. Some are still cutting their second crop of alfalfa although the majority have finished. Potatoes, beets, beans and green corn are plentiful; melons are ripening fast. Highest temperature, 93, on the 14th. Rainfall, 0.35.

Bernalillo—Brother Gabriel—Occasional fine showers, and generally fair weather, very favorable for growing crops, and for securing those harvested. Grapes are beginning to ripen fast; the rains were especially beneficial to the vines. In general fruits are looking well, but late fruits are being damaged by the heavy rain. Gardens are maturing finely; third growth of alfalfa strong and vigorous. Irrigation ditches are well supplied with water although with difficulty as the river is quite low. Highest temperature, 88, on the 19th and 20th; lowest, 64, on several dates. Rainfall, 0.20.

Gallinas Springs—Jas. E. Whitmore—Very dry here; water is very scarce and grass short. Highest temperature, 94, on the 13th and 14th; lowest, 58, on the 19th. Rainfall, trace.

Medina Park—Cayetano Thompson—Sultry, threatening weather during the past week, with southerly winds. There is a marked scarcity of water, and no prospects for more for some time. Crops are suffering considerably, and insects are doing much damage. Tomatoes are not ripening with regularity. Highest temperature, 96, on the 16th and 17th; lowest, 53, on the 14th. Rainfall, trace.

Old Albuquerque—A. Montoya, Jr.—Generally fair weather during the week, with two light rains. The third crop of alfalfa is being cut, and is turning out well. Corn has made a strong growth. The Mescal grapes are in the market; other early grapes are beginning to ripen. Local market abundantly supplied with home grown fruits and vegetables.

Santa Fe—U. S. Weather Bureau—The weather was warmer than usual, and cloudy and threatening every afternoon until Thursday, the 19th, when a heavy rainfall of nearly an inch and a half in an hour seemed to clear the atmosphere. Garden track has grown well during the week. Some wheat has been harvested, and also the second crop of alfalfa. Superior peaches, apricots and early plums are coming into the local market in abundance. Highest temperature 82, on 17th; lowest 52, on the same date. Rainfall, 1.45.

THE LAST STRAW.

(Mrs. McCarty to Mrs. Flynn, over the back fence.)
Yes, Mrs. Flynn, indeed it's true, I'll live here no more than a day.
For the air thin Rooneys do put on, that's livin' just nist dore.
I can't stand him any longer, though I've suffered many a day.
So now I'm going to leave the street and move to miles away.

An whirly bear their last shawl scheme, it's not blame me ye'll be.
For ye'll see no wan could bear it, not even a saint like me.

Why, indeed, I moined the toime, an it's not so long gon' by.
While thin Rooneys lived no better than we pig out in his shyt.
Till to some kind of 'gairden' their Mary Oon she went.

An got quare notions in her hid, an lots of time she spent
A-larin how to open dures and polish chairs with die.
An scillick oop their ould shanty in Fifth ayvo's best shyt.

Thin Mrs. Rooney took a shirt, an ivery Friday night
Laves Mary Oon to moind the kids—ye'll own that isn't right—
An she's away to some far place as lofty as a quare.

Where she says they're "mother's matein's," whatever that may mane.
But why it's hard on Tim, her husband—moighty hard—
For iver since he's had to schmoke his poipe out in the yard.

Thin Dians wint to night school, as if day school wint enuff.
An filled his hid with figures an sums an all such stuff.
An says he's goin to kape books, I heard him just last night.

Thin sittin round their Airgrand lamp and hear thin shupkin, too.
About all of the stutok oop things that they were goin to do.
Dians, just home from night school, was shoutin like a burrd

Of skin's he'd bought for the "pig," I heard him, ivery word.
Now I've ahted their baby's patent milk, their shirt he'd wint a schreen.
Their 'trowin all their dishwater down throo a patent threen.

The rag they call a tablecloth, their scrubber too, he took his shyt.
The whitewash oop their face, but wint it comes, I say.
To puttin shyt on hogs, fer me thin Rooneys.

For Dians has bought a fountain pen—an av course it's for the pig!
—Elizabeth Flint Wad in Up to Date.

Problem of Law.

"He sent me 1,000,000 kisses," asserted the plaintiff in the breach of promise case. "Did you count them?" asked the attorney for the defendant. "Count them!" exclaimed the plaintiff. "Of course not," cried the attorney for the defendant earnestly. "I object to the admission of this testimony as being indefinite and unreliable. In these days of automatic counting machines it is preposterous for any girl to come into a court of law."

But it is needless to go on. The humiliation of the thoughtless girl who had failed to keep pace with the times was of course complete.—Chicago Post.

He Bessed the Job.

There was a frightful runaway. The horse attached to a four wheeler had, while its driver was looking for a fare, gone mad and run away rapidly. Terror and uproar were in the thoroughfare as the insane steed rushed onward. Brave men sought in vain to stay the wild career until, suddenly a man of somewhat rural aspect leaped in front of the equine lunatic and cried loudly:

"So, boss! So, ho, bossy!"
In an instant the horse was cowed.—Judy.

Styles of Fiction.

"Yes," said the man with the heavy gold watch chain, "he didn't get along in life."
"To what do you attribute the difference in your career?"
"He wasted his time building castles in the air, while I went ahead and planned maps of boom towns."—Washington Star.

Only Natural.

"Oh, maybe we didn't have a hot time!" he exclaimed. "Of course they were all anxious to hear about it, but when they learned that he had been trying to operate a gasoline stove—
Well, it was fortunate for him that he was a sprinter."—Chicago Post.

He Was So Nervous Too.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It's given me quite a turn!"—Ally Sloper.

"Since you say your war prediction is made on high authority," asked the intimate friend, "I should like to know who that high authority is and how high?"
"Don't you think," asked the editor as he gently smiled, "that a correspondent at \$10,000 a year is pretty high?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Intelligent Voter.
Ward Heeler—Some of the other fellows will challenge you, of course, but that won't make any difference. We'll see that you get your vote in.
New Heeler—If any fellow does challenge me, have him go out and fight 'im.—Chicago Tribune.

What She Calls Him.
"All wives have pet names for their husbands," remarked Mr. Dinwiddie to Mr. Beechwood. "My wife calls me 'Baby.' What does your wife call you?"
"My wife calls me down generally," replied Mr. Beechwood.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Code of Civil Procedure.
Every practicing attorney in the territory should have a copy of the New Mexico Code of Civil Procedure, bound in separate form with alternate blank pages for annotations. The New Mexican Printing Company has such an edition on sale at the following prices: Leatherette binding, \$1.35; full law sheep, \$3; flexible morocco, \$3.50.

NEW MEXICO REPORTS
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A JAIL INCIDENT.

The other morning I went to see an examining magistrate before whom I had in behalf of a poor devil to recommend a stay of proceedings. The hall of witnesses where I was waiting was full of people—sheriff's officers, clerks engrossing behind a glass partition, witnesses whispering to each other in advance of their depositions, women of the people, impressive and garulous, who were telling the officers their entire lives in order to arrive at the affair that had brought them there. Near me an open door lit the somber lobby of the examining magistrate, a lobby which leads everywhere, even to the scaffold and from which the prisoners issue as accused. Some of those unfortunate, brought there under a strong escort by way of the staircase of in conculgerie, lay about on the benches awaiting their turn to be interrogated, and it is in this antechamber of the convict prison that I overheard a lovers' dialogue, an idyl of the Faubourg, as imposed upon as "I Gueyris" but more heart-breaking. Yes, in the midst of this sad, where so many criminals have left something of their shuddering, of their hopes and of their regrets, I saw two beings love and smile and, however lowly was this love, however faded was this smile, the old lobby must have been as astonished by it as a myri and black street of Paris, were it penetrated by the cooling of a turtle dove.

In a listless attitude, almost unconscious, a young girl was seated at the end of a bench, waiting as a working woman who waits the price of her day's labor. She wore the calico bonnet and the sad costume of Saint-Lazare with an air of repose and of well being, as though the prison regime were the best thing she had found in all her life. The guard who sat beside her seemed to find her much to his taste, and they laughed together softly. At the other end of the lobby, wholly in the shadow, was seated, handcuffs on wrists, the Desgrieux of this Manon. She had not seen him at first, but as soon as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she perceived him and trembled.

"Why, that's Pignou—ho! Pignou!" The guard silenced her. The prisoners are expressly forbidden to talk to each other.
"Oh, I beg of you, only one word!" said she, leaning forward toward the remotest part of the lobby.

But the soldier remained inflexible. "No, no; it can't be done—only if you have some money to give him tell it to me. I will repeat it to him."
Then a dialogue was entered into between this girl and her Pignou, with the guard as interpreter.

Much moved, without heeding those who surrounded her, she began:
"I tell him I have never loved any one but him; that I will never love another in all my life."
The guard made a number of steps in the lobby, and redoubling his gravity as though to take upon the proceeding all that was to follow, he repeated:

"She says she has never loved but you, and that she'll never love another."
I heard a grumbling, a confused stammering, which must have been the response of Pignou; then the guard went back with monotonous step toward the bench.

"What did he say?" demanded the child, all anxious and as though waiting were too long. "Well, tell me what he said now!"

"He said he was very miserable."
The girl carried away by her emotion and the custom of the noisy and communicative streets, she cried out loud:
"Don't be weary, n'ami—the good days will come again!"

And in this voice, still young, there was something of the piteous, almost maternal. Plainly this was the woman of the people, with her courage under affliction and her doglike devotion.

From the depths of the lobby a voice replied, the voice of Pignou, well soaked, torn, burned with alcohol:
"Ya do! The good days—I'll have them at the end of my five years!"

He knew his case well, that one! The guards cried: "Chut! Keep quiet!" But too late.

He had opened, and the examining magistrate appeared on the sill. A skullcap of velvet, grizzled whiskers, mouth thin and evil, the eye scrutinizing, distrustful, but not profound, it was just the type of an examining magistrate, one of those men who thinks he has a criminal before him, and who, like those doctors of the insane who see maniacs everywhere. That one in particular had a certain way of looking at you as though you were insulting that you felt guilty without having done anything. With one glance of the eye he would tell the lobby: "What does all this noise mean? Try to do your duty a little better," he said, addressing the guards.

Then he closed his door with a sharp click.
The municipal guard took to task, red, muffled, looked around a moment for some one upon whom to lay the blame. But the little girl said nothing more, Pignou sat quiet on his bench. All at once he perceived me, as I was at the door of the hall, almost in the lobby, he took me by the arm and jerked me around brutally.

"What are you doing there, you?"
Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet For Short Stories.

Nickel and Cobalt For Ships.
Every battleship made in the United States must draw upon Missouri for part of its material. Down in Madison county is the famous mine Lanotte, which furnishes nickel and cobalt necessary in the construction of the modern ironclad vessel. There are no other nickel and cobalt bearing mines in this country in operation.

Mine Lanotte is said to be the oldest mine in the United States. For over a century it has been turning out about the same amount of mineral. When it was first opened, what was the state of Missouri? "I should like to know who that high authority is and how high?"
"Don't you think," asked the editor as he gently smiled, "that a correspondent at \$10,000 a year is pretty high?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not to Be Fooled.
"Don't you come around here with any more of your patent frauds," said Uncle Reuben. "I've been took in once, but you ain't got to keep me ag'in."
"What's the matter?" asked the gentlemanly agent. "The lightning rods I sold you are all right, aren't they?"
"All right? Well, nebbey you call 'em all right, but they've been up for more'n six weeks now and the lightning hasn't hit 'em once."—Chicago News.

RECORD AND BRIEF WORK.
Transcript, record and brief work for attorneys at the New Mexican printing office for the approaching session of the Territorial Supreme court, printed at the lowest possible figures and in the neatest, best and most acceptable style. Patronize the New Mexican Printing Co., and you will get first-class work, besides supporting an institution that is at work daily for this city, this country and the entire territory of New Mexico.

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Santa Fe Chapter No. 1. R. M. Regular communication second Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. JAMES H. BRADY, H. P.

Arthur Seligman, Secretary.
Santa Fe Commandery No. 1. K. T. Regular convocations fourth Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. MAX FROST, E. C.

ADDISON WALKER, Recorder.
I. O. O. F. PARADISE LODGE No. 2. I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers always welcome. SOULE LARSON, N. G.

H. W. STEVENS, Recording Secretary.
CENTENNIAL ENCAMPMENT No. 3. I. O. O. F. Regular communication the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at Odd Fellows' hall; visiting patriots welcome. THOS. A. GOODWIN, C. P.

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HATTIE WAGNER, Secretary.
AZTEAN LODGE No. 3. I. O. O. F. meet every Friday evening at Odd Fellows' hall, San Francisco street. W. J. LAYTON, N. G.

W. H. WOODWARD, Secretary.
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LEE MUEHLERSEN, K. of K. and S.
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CHAS. F. EASLEY, (Late Surveyor General). Attorney at Law, Sacramento, N. M. Land and mining business a specialty.

A. S. FISKE, Attorney and Counselor at Law, P. O. Box "F," Santa Fe, New Mexico. Practices in Supreme and all District Courts of New Mexico.

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A. B. BENEHAN, Attorney at Law, Practices in all Territorial Courts. Commissioner of Claims. Collections and title searching. Rooms 8 and 9 Spiegelberg Block.

INSURANCE. S. E. LANKARD, Insurance Agent. Office, Griffin Building. Palace avenue. Represents the largest companies doing business in the territory of New Mexico, in both life, fire and accident insurance.

D. W. MANLEY, Dentist, Office, Southwest Corner of Plaza, over Fischer's Drug Store.
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CHAS. A. SPIERS, District Attorney for the First Judicial District. Practices in all the courts of the Territory. Office—Griffin Block, Santa Fe, N. M.

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Santa Fe Route

A. T. & S. F. TIME TABLE (Effective April 1, 1898.)

Read Down.	East Bound.	Read Up.
No. 1, No. 22.	No. 17, No. 23.	
12:30 a. m. Santa Fe, Ar.	7:30 p. m. Santa Fe, Ar.	
4:0		